

Even a small lighter can burn a bridge

this kid is (not) alright - II

LadyVisenya

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Series: [this kid is \(not\) alright \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Mental Health Issues, Teen Angst, but what else is new, richie is a mess, richie is two seconds away from losing it but he has the losers so its okay

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Victor Criss

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

"I probably need therapy for that but like what if I end up with a shrink like Hannibal Lector, which with my luck is highly likely"

Richie makes a mess of things but Bill's okay with waiting for Richie to get his shit together.

Even a small lighter can burn a bridge

Author's Note:

richie is gay. bev is a lesbian. mike is bi. bill doesn't like labels.

this is rough and richie is dealing with so much. life has got that boy messed up is what i'm saying.

im on tumblr if u want to talk @ lissbethsalander

billy s. > ya boi 9:57am

billy s. - u left before i woke up :(

Richie adds dodging Bill to the list of people he avoids on a daily basis. His parents. His counselor. Definitely his counselor who also happens to be the school shrink. And now also his favorite person.

God.

What was wrong with him.

He needed to stop self sabotaging or whatever web md said every time he was high and hadn't slept in days and was done and finally gave in and typed in his symptoms. Sometimes it all got to be too much and Richie just couldn't deal with it anymore. When he couldn't smile through it all and pretend it was all going to get better because he'd leave and then it wouldn't matter.

That was usually when he would sleep over at Eddie's, occasionally Bill's.

But Bill was always with the losers so that meant he couldn't be there.

It had been a week.

Eight days and six hours since Bill had dragged him down against him, both warm and sloppy from the cheap vodka, and kissed him.

And he had left him on read.

God.

Richie was such an asshole.

Maybe his mom was right. He was just a waste of space.

He was hiding out in the math building for fucks sake. All because he couldn't even talk to the boy who liked him back.

from: lhaller@dchs.edu.com

to: rtozier@dchs.edu.com

subject: ACT or SAT

Mr. Tozier you have a week to take your ACT or SAT if you want to apply and attend any college after graduation. If you need a fee wavier please see me during office hours, lunch or after school. If you need any other advice during these monumental decisions please make an appointment or see me during lunch. Thank you.

Beverly corners him bumming hits off Vic.

He really wasn't that bad so long as Bowers wasn't around. They sat

next to each other in Calc BC and passed notes when the minutes dragged by. Vic was even good enough to let Richie copy his homework when Richie couldn't go home and use his own textbook. Fuck.

Who even had these problems?

"Your girlfriends here," Vic said, yanking the blunt out of Richie's hand before he could take a hit. It wasn't particularly good weed, but then where did you even get good weed in bum fuck Derry.

Richie nodded, only slightly pissed. Vic didn't mean anything by it. Not really. Not like that bitch Greta did.

"Richard Tozier what the fuck have you done!" He forgets how intimidating five foot three Beverly Marsh can be. Her hair might as well be the fire that erupts from cartoon characters when they're pissed. Her soft brown eyes are hard and cold and edging closer to black, scowling at him.

"What the fuck is everything always my fault?"

"Who else trash mouth? Besides, who's avoiding who?"

"First Leonard, now you," Richie replies archly, mustering up all the spite he can manage through the light fog fogging up his mind. "You need to smoke some weed and chill your fucking tits."

Beverly's scowl deepens. Now she's truly pissed. "Get you shit together asshole," she snapped. "Eddie thought your parents had done something stupid. Bill's a mess. We were worried. But go fuck yourself if this is how you treat your friends." She doesn't come up higher than his chest, but suddenly Richie feels very small and stupid and he hates it. He hates being the one making everyone else feel like shit but he can't stop himself.

He can never stop himself from making everyone else feel like shit just like him.

Beverly marches away, face almost as red as her hair in anger. She doesn't look back at him and he's sure she's headed to the others.

There's still fifteen minutes left of lunch, he could probably go to the counselor's office and get a pass. He didn't want to go face Beverly's dirty looks in art and he had no where else to go so what was the point of ditching.

He heads to Leonard's office as slowly as humanly possible, sliding in to a shocked Leonard just as the bell rings.

new kids on the block 1: 23pm

bev in marshland - well if he Wasnt a v o iding me

bev in marshland - he is NowTM

eddie spagetti - what. a. drama. queen.

stan the man - Look who's talking.

mike&ike - you literally refused to dissect a sheep's eye because of e.coli or some shit

eddie spagetti - that was a long time ago

stan the man - That was this morning.

b. handsome - bill's still looking out of windows like a sofia coppola protagonist

mike&ike - o k but in what world is bill not a sofia coppola protagonist

mike&ike - hes a soft boi

bev in marshland - I KNOW

stan the man - Guys, Richie probably did something stupid and is now being melodramatic about it, and Bill probably blames himself.

b. handsome - melodramatic, my stan? it's likelier than u think

bev in marshland - LOOK WHOS TALKING

eddie spagetti - "id b okay if bowers ran me over with his cars"

b. handsome - he craves that [sweet release of death]

mike&ike - 2for1 memes

*eddie spagetti - *jake peralta voice* noice*

"Mr. Tozier," Leonard says, standing up to greet him. The surprise is evident on his face but he has no clue the things he is willing to do to avoid dealing with his life. "A pleasure to see you. So what can I do for you today?" He's smiling that fake saccharine smile Mrs. K always gives him when he goes over to Eddie's. do all adults just hate him?

"I'm not applying to any colleges so like stop sending me emails ya?"

"I think that you should seriously consider--"

"I have," Richie says, signature motor mouth just going off. "And like higher education is just not for me. I mean, who has the money for that? And then you graduate and don't have a job anyways? High education is obviously a scam so y'know, why bother?"

"There are scholarship and financial aid you can apply for. And while you're class load has not been rigorous as I've recommended in the past, you have straight A's Mr. Tozier. There's no reason why you shouldn't go to college. I'm sure your parents would be disappointed if a smart kid like you decided not to continue--"

"My parents don't care." It's bleak and to the point. Richie finds that usually trips people up. They can never look him in the eyes after and he hates having said it as soon as he does. He hates the pitying

glances that follow.

“Well, either way,” Leonard says not missing a beat, “I’m sure you’d hate to have all the time you’ve dedicated to school go to waste. You’re in the highest level math class at Derry High. You made varsity soccer sophomore year. Richie,” he says with a sense of familiarity that irks Richie.

So Leonard is one of those, you’ve got to live up to your potential people. They’re the worst. Always telling Richie what to do. What he should do in spite of everything. Like he’s some charity case. Maybe Richie likes who he is. Maybe Richie’s okay with being another loser in the family.

He doesn’t know how to be anything else but.

Suddenly all the anger just goes out of him like a balloon deflating. He wants to take a nap or two. The sort of naps that end up being full days of sleep. If he sneaks in before his dad gets home and his mother wakes up then they’ll never know he was upstairs sleeping.

He could probably even sneak a shower.

Christie would understand him skipping work.

“Yeah well,” he says, standing to leave. “I’ve thought it through.”

Leonard sighs. Since when do well intentioned people move to Derry? This man wasn’t going to last long. “I insist you at least take the SAT or ACT, preferably both. you might regret it later.”

“Yeah well, I don’t have seventy dollars to throw on a test.”

The fucker hands him a fee wavier. “I’ve taken the liberty of signing you up for both then. Don’t miss the exam.” Leonard guides Richie right out the door, hands him a lollipop like he’s five, a study guide for both exams and waves him away.

Both exams are this weekend. The SAT Saturday at 8 am and the ACT right after at 4pm. What the fuck? Is this a plot to kill him?

Is he supposed to study for them?

Or is that caring too much?

mike&ike > billy s. 1:34pm

mike&ike - want to talk about it???

billy s. - ?

mike&ike - dude ur walkign around looking like someone kicked ur dog or something

mike&ike - not ur usual lost in the clouds vibe

*billy s. - *shrugs**

mike&ike - eddie thinks u and richie fought or something which makes no sense bc u rep for that idiot hard.

mike&ike - i see you bill!

mike&ike - don't ignore me like this dude

billy s. - im jst /stressed/

Richie spends the night before the exams smoking weed and listening to bitch don't kill my vibe on repeat. He also studies, but he would never admit that to anyone. Because here's the thing.

When Richie was a baby, like in middle school, before he learned how the world worked, he thought he'd get into a university like Harvard or at least UC Berkeley and get out. But then he learned

about things like money and admission rates and how expensive taking AP exams are and like stopped. Because kids like him don't get into university. Kids like him are spewed out by a system that doesn't care.

So he's determined to kill his exams.

He knows he's a killer at math, he skipped Calc AB for fuck's sake and is taking two math classes this year. If he could have played soccer and worked he would have and if things had been different Richie probably would have been going to someplace like Harvard.

But he's not.

So at least when he's forty and hating his life he'll know it wasn't him. It was everything else.

Of course Bill's there. Not even at the SAT. Richie could have delt with seeing Bill awkwardly for a few minutes, and then hoping on right to the next exam. Perfect excuse. But no, Bill shows up for the ACT.

He smiles at Richie tentatively and it just makes Richie feel worse. God he needs water and Taco Bell and it's probably the weed but also Bill. Mostly himself.

He had thought of that night so often. His hand wrapped around his cock when he had the privacy of his room. The feeling of Bill flush against him. Fuck. He was so fucked.

Bill looks at Richie like Richie hadn't spent the last two weeks avoiding him.

He really doesn't deserve this boy.

The ACT starts and Richie's mind goes blank for anything other than the exam for the next few hours.

Bill catches up with Richie, bumping softly against him, hand grazing his.

He panics, turning to Bill and saying, "So like, do you remember

anything about Halloween night other than the killer hangover?"

Bill's face is instantly crushed, like kicking a puppy really and what kind of monster would do that. Bill with his stupid sad boy hair cut, the bangs falling into his eyes every so often that just make his doe eyes stand out more. Bill who never gets annoyed at Richie's antics. Bill with his indulgent smile, with none of the bite Bevvie's had. Bill. Bill. Bill.

"Sorry about skipping out on you," Richie goes on, "but Christie needed me at work and I could really use the cash y'know."

Bill nods, but he still hasn't shaken the kicked puppy look off his face. Richie hates himself for doing this to Bill. For the hurt look on his face that is all Richie. Richie who ruins everything and would have been better off not being born.

"N-no worries," Bill says, trying for a smile. He hunches his shoulders, stuffing his hands into his dumb cardigan complete with elbow patches. There's a pin with a rose drawn on it. It might have even been drawn by Bill.

They walk together in an oppressive silence. *His fault.*

Bill stares at his duck taped sneakers the whole time, the hipster adidas that Mike had gotten him for his birthday last year.

ya boi > bev in marshland 12:57 am

ya boi - i fucked up bevvie

ya boi - like

ya boi - rlly bad

bev in marshland - did u suc hockstetters D bc

bev in marshland - u can do better

bev in marshland - there r more gays than ur 1 resident lesbian

ya boi - what the fuck

ya boi - i dont hate myself that much

ya boi - im not fucking stan

bev in marshland - worse. . .

ya boi - sit down bc u might d i e

ya boi - i kissed our boy bill and then told him im rlly gay especially 4 him and then i was about to make a run for it bc u know me and then bills all like wait and we made out (in a graveyard) and its a vibe and a half bc its halloween and we've has som vodka and im making out w billiam in a graveyard and he's into it and i spend the night at his after and he's a little spoon and he has the softest™ voice and bevvie how did my baby gay heart even cope

ya boi - and then i avoided him for like 2 weeks after sneaking out in the morning left him on read and told him i didn't remember #that nite

ya boi - and that's what happened last week on glee.

bev in marshland - 1. thats so fucking aesthetic lord byron approves

bev in marshland - 2. imma kill u if mike doesn't for doing That 2 our resident sad boy bill

ya boi - w(ho)tf is lord byron???

ya boi - bevvie u think i don't want to kill myself

bev in marshland - fix this bitch

bev in marshland - is2g if bill starts watching anime again 2 cope im going 2 kill u myself

bev in marshland - HE THINKS NEO YOKIO IS SERIOUSU

ya boi - dude he like sent me practically an entire essay on neo yokio last month

bev in marshland - men.

Bill, who never uses social media, who in fact only has a snapchat, spends what's left of the weekend posting sailor moon screenshots on his story. Which is fine. But it get's progressively worse. Free! and something about ice skating and is it bad the Richie is starting to recognize Bill's dumb anime?

Richie spends way too much money on toblerones, which isn't saying much because only one store in Derry seems to sell toblerones to begin with. But it's still expensive ass chocolate. He even orders a bunch of stuff off Bill's amazon wishlist which he shamelessly bribes Georgie into getting for him. Hell, he never spends this much money on himself.

But that's not the point.

the point is Richie feel bad and Bill deserves better than him. Bill's his best friend and this is exactly why he never wanted-

Fuck.

Christie shakes her head at him, "boy you have got it bad. Who's the lucky man?"

Richie blanches. "I'm not-how did you know?"

"Baby," She says, wiping the sweat away with what was once a t shirt, "I grew up in the sixties. Free love. You didn't think I was straight did you?" Her eyebrow arches, grinning at Richie, before laughing. He's always blown away by how beautiful she is when she laughs, her whole face lighting up in delight. He wants that. The pure happiness that isn't covering up all the shit going on underneath.

She fixes him with a look, the same one she uses to drive Henry off

when he's looking for trouble, "Richard, baby, we've all got shit. Every single person on this planet has shit. But, the doesn't give you the right to be a shitty person. So get over yourself kid and stop trying to make things harder for yourself."

He finishes scrubbing at the dirty molds. It was easier when his hair wasn't stuck in an itchy hair net. Christie has shown him how to put his hair into a turban, giving him a scarf that he was surprised to find was Hermes.

"I applied to colleges," he said, figuring he should tell someone. His SAT score had been alright. The ACT score had been much better.

She smiles, pleased, "I had a lot of fun in college. At first they didn't want to let me in, so I went west. Ah," she trails off, lost in her memories. He had no clue what had brought her to Derry. He had chanced a glance of a turtle tattoo on her arm once. She belonged out there, in the world.

Not in this cesspool.

Glancing over at Richie, she continued, "Getting out of here is more than just getting out of Derry. It's about getting out of all this shit people have thrown on you. It's about moving beyond that."

"Yeah well shit Christie, let me deal with my boy problems first. I'm like five. You can't expect me to like get therapy and solve my issues," he gave her his best *wtf* look, "who has that kind of money?"

She laughed.

eddie spagetti > ya boi 4:55pm

eddie spagetti - i kno we were being dumb last nite and all but

eddie spagetti - if u wanna fuck guys that cool aids has totally been

disproved 2 b a gay illness and like id be cool w u sleeping over here as per usual idk how else 2 b supportive man

ya boi - r u trying 2 come out 2 me 4 me???

eddie spagetti - IM TRYING TO BE AN ALLY HERE AND THIS IS WHAT I GET!!!!

ya boi - i feel like thats homophobic

eddie spagetti - u cant just say things r homophobic RICHIE

ya boi - that def homophobic

eddie spagetti - the disrespect is2God

ya boi - but ya i like dick

*eddie spagetti - *jake peralta voice* cool cool cool*

ya boi - u kno weed has medical uses now ;)

eddie spagetti - WE R NOT HAVIN THIS CONVERSATION AGAIN

ya *boi* *-*
8=====

eddie spagetti - so b99 marathon?? 2nite?

ya boi - srry my dude but ya boi got plans

She baked a thousand leaf cake, “for your man. Not you.” Then waved him off. It was a Tuesday night, which meant Bill didn’t have a baseball game. He’d be home from practice after Richie got off work.

Carefully, with a bag full of the most romantic gestures in the world,

he biked over to Bill's house. It was way harder to carry his loot up the tree, and he got way to many scratched.

"You could have come in through the front door," Georgie told him, amused more than anything. "Mom can't hear anything over her piano and Dad's on a business trip."

"Yeah well," Richie snaps, "It's like the thought that counts. Would the balcony scene be as iconic if Romeo had knocked?"

"Wait, you can read?" He just got roasted by a preteen. What the fuck!

"Um no what the fuck Georgie," Richie says, dumping his bag on Bills bed. "That's like not on brand for me. I watched the movie with Leonardo DiCaprio like any sane person would." He finished taping the toblerones together into a giant one just as Bill came in.

Georgie just smirks at both of them before leaving.

Bill goes bright red all the way to the tips of his ears like he's a weasley. He's still in his jersey, and while Richie doesn't care for sports other than being something to get him out of his house, he'd probably care a lot about sports if Bill played. His hair's damp with sweat, sticking to his forehead. He doesn't smile for once, looking confused. The hurt is still visible in his eyes.

He swallows before asking, "I thought yuh-you and Bev had a thing?"

"Billiam, my dude, shut up," Richie starts. He needs to get this out before there's time for him to mess this up. "I am lots of things but like I'm not so good with people and I probably need therapy for that but like what if I end up with a shrink like Hannibal Lector, which with my luck is highly likely but I think that I need to get my head out of my ass for once because I-

You deserve a giant Toblerone." He sort of shoves it at Bill before he can even process what Richie said.

"I do remember but I got so freaked and I was an idiot and I really like-no I love you Billy," his voice squeaks like he's going through puberty again and Richie could die right there but he keeps going.

“And I’m sorry and here’s all this stuff because that seems to work in all the romcoms Eddie and I watch so,” he trails off, running out of things to say. It only ever seems to happen to him with Bill.

Bill blinks stupidly, like a deer caught in the headlights, before closing the distance between them, cupping Richie’s face with one hand and running his other hand through Richie’s curls.

He kisses him back and like, his foot pops like he’s in the fucking Princess Diaries which Mike and Ben always make him watch and how is Bill not the bottom here?

“You’re so freaking dumb Richie,” Bill whispers against his lips, “you know that?”

“Yeah whatever, kiss me again.”

And he does, pulling Richie flush against him, still hot and sweaty and Richie is lost in Bill Denbrough. “Such. A. Way. With. Words,” Bill utters, breathless from kissing, “trashmouth.”

“You don’t deserve this giant Toblerone.”

Bill smiles.

the losers 1:15am

billy s. - [photo of lots of smaller Toblerones taped into one giant Toblerone]

billy s. - get u a man like this

bev in marshland - SCREAMS

eddie spagetti - WHAT THE FUCK

stan the man - You could do better.

mike&ike - ^^

b. handsome - !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ya boi - wtf guys dont do me like this

mike&ike - uve got to change ur screen name now

ya boi > ya bruh

stan the man - No.

ya bruh > tra\$hmouth

mike&ike - how is that better?? huh

tra\$hmouth - gotta rep 4 my girl ke\$ha

stan the man - I'm ready to die.

b. handsome -ur always ready 2 die tho. . .

tra\$hmouth - Get Fucked stanley yelnats!

stan the man > stanley yelnats

mike&ike - what is wrong w this fam

tra\$hmouth - ur mom

stanley yelnats - That got old in sixth grade.

tra\$shmouth - ur mom got old in sixth grade

bev in marshland - bill control ur man

tra\$hmouth - traitor

bev in marshland - bill!

bev in marshland - bill!

bev in marshland - is2g dis boi

tra\$hmouth - he's on his phone 2 so idk

stanley yelnets - The worst.

b. handsome - captain holt 0.o

bev in marshland - lol

tra\$hmouth - I KNwnld;

bev in marshland - SCREAMS

eddie spagetti > billy s. 2:03am

eddie spagetti - ya break his heart i brake ur face

billy s. - u spelled break wrong

billy s. - k.